VOLUME ONE, NUMBER THREE/ADULTS ONLY

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FOOT TEASERS

THE HOTTEST FOOT ACTION EVER PUBLISHED!

FOOT LOVER—His First Time!

FURLOUGH FOR A FETISHIST—A Foot Lover Abroad!

CRUSH FETISH—Stamp It Out!

Special Bonus: Celebrity Feet!

all models are over 18 years of age

BEST FOOT FORWARD

Hi—allow me to introduce myself. My name is Nora Powers, and I am the new editor of FOOT TEASERS. Frankly, I was surprised to get the job until it was explained to me by the publisher that a woman has a better feel for foot fetishism than a man does. The publisher also told me that he really liked my feet! In any case, I'm going to do my utmost to provide the hottest and horniest foot action ever published. I'm going to stress the real world of foot love, and hope that my readership sees fit to keep me supplied with "real" articles, stories and photos for the magazine.

Love,
Nora Powers

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FOOT LOVER

I'm 33 now and still remember when I was 18. I wasn't a "cutesie" as a young man, so dates for me were often hard to get to say the least. I was stood up many times by the most beautiful women in high school and developed an inferiority complex of sorts as a result. The shrink my folks sent me to didn't help out much. Anyway, enough of this.

It was a weekend in May just before finals and a few of us, mostly a collection of gutty, slobby, ugly types went out to party at a local bar. After which, breakfast at the near-by diner . . . boring times but the buzz was welcomed.

On this particular night, one of the uglies had an older brother in college whom we met up with by sheer accident. He was a stalwart, handsome devil and the girl friend he had with him was right out of a fashion magazine. She was a dancer among other things and her legs were so long and lovely she'd give a hard-on to the pope. Blonde, hazel eyes, red lips, and a small delicate nose made a heart throb. We sat at a table with her across from me.

I couldn't help gazing at her unbelievable beauty all the time; I could hardly swallow my eggs. I managed to later take a peek at her feet which were not on the floor but somehow managed to get rested on the bottom of the bench seat frame between my legs. Her toes, oh MY GOD!!! Painted scarlet red to perfection. Perfect bone structure at the ankle and knees. The high heeled pumps she had on were those expensive Italian thin strapped kind designed to accentuate the foot. The heels were about four to five inches, very thin and sexy.

I smiled at her shyly once or twice and she reciprocated. The night at the diner was just my imagination and constant hard-on with no physical involvement until suddenly, I noticed that her boyfriend was up and gone to the lavatory. Her feet were still at the position. Then, I heard the sound of a dainty heeled shoe clop on the hard polished concrete floor and scrape along till it stopped.

All of a sudden, a brush of air being displaced passed my crotch . . . it was her beautiful right leg being crossed at her knees which sent her foot almost right into my throbbing member.

By now balls were tingling, ready to burst. This time she smiled at me but with a smile I'd never seen before (that is being without females most of my life).

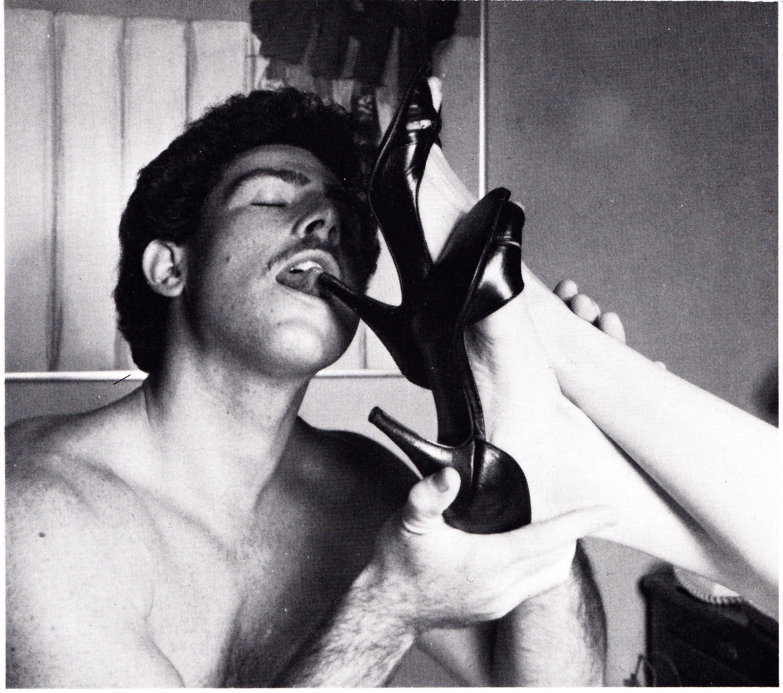
I saw her shift her body to one side, still smiling like a demonic-erotic wench, and then felt this mild tapping sensation at the base of my balls.

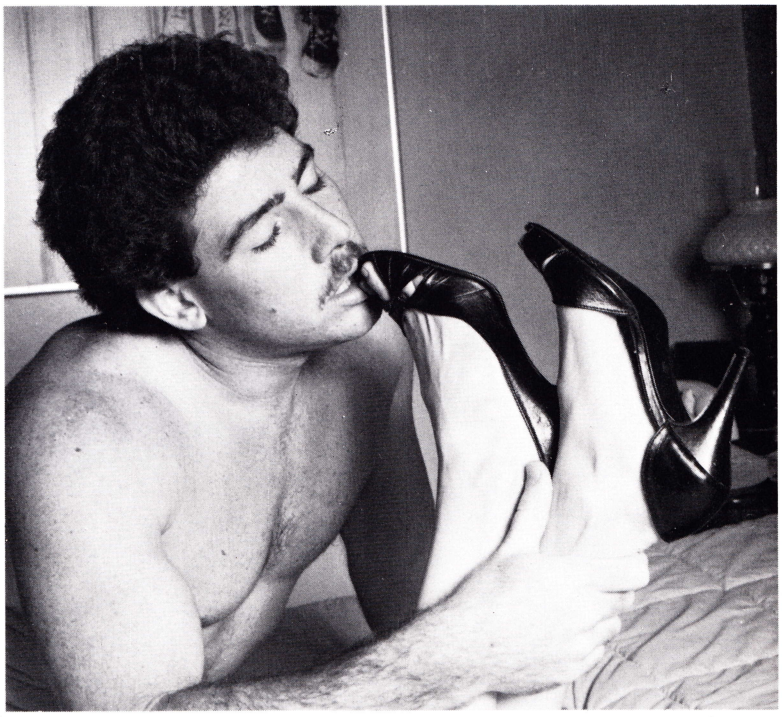
I looked under and it was the top of her shoe playing drums on my nuts. I thought I'd shoot a gallon right there. The tapping stopped and went into a press which hurt a little but felt good just the same. Then the entire shoe came sliding up onto my cock and began rubbing making my black trousers dirty.

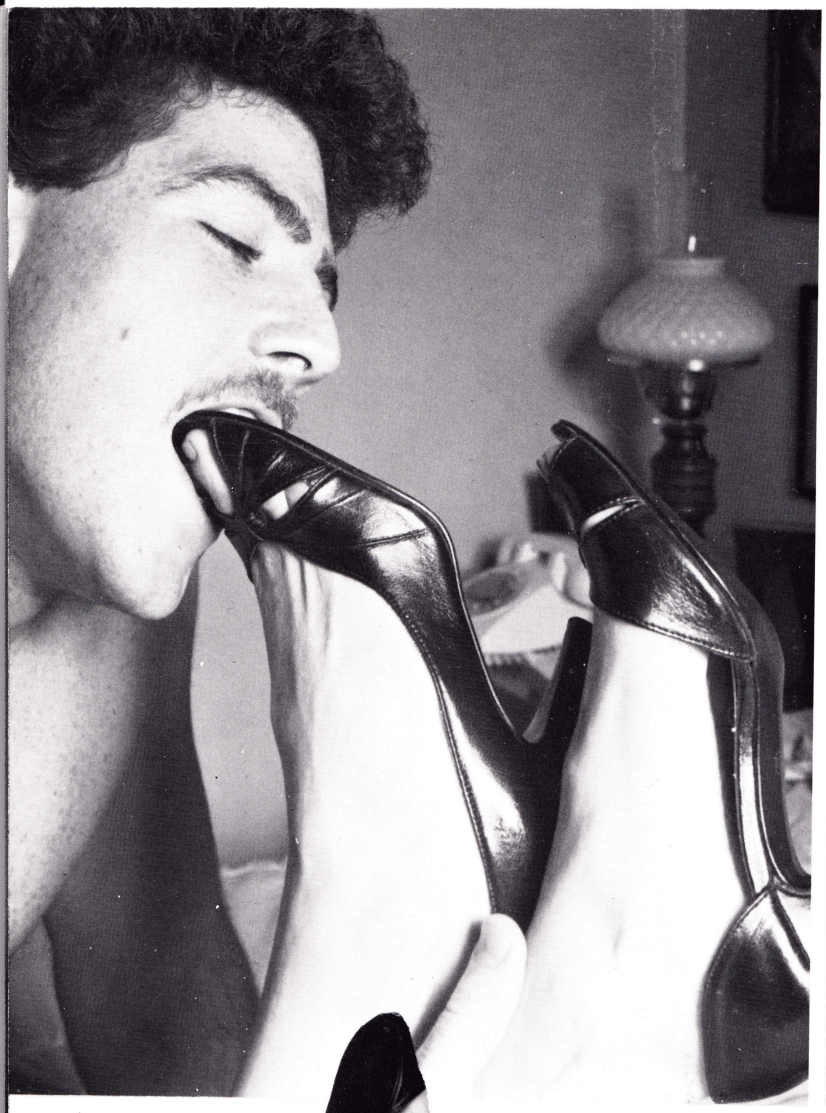
She placed her heel at the same time on my balls and gyrated it while the ball of her shoe was going pendulum on my dick. She let her foot drop an inch or so so that the heel was pushing into the crack of my ass.

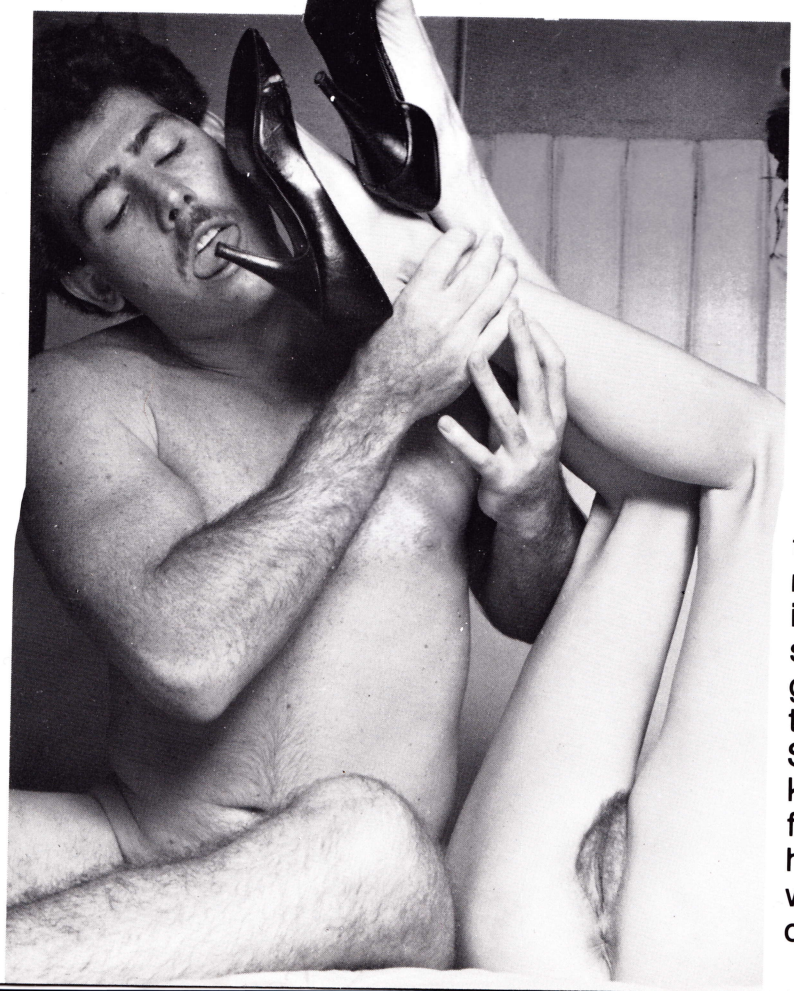
From here it was a bit painful as she began to dig her heel up my ass. She did manage to put a hole in my pants doing it and I felt the heel in contact with my skin then up my butt it went.

I slid down and rode it watching that gorgeous limb under that table pump my ass. Knowing what beauty she had made me bugg-eyed and palpitating at the heart. Balls



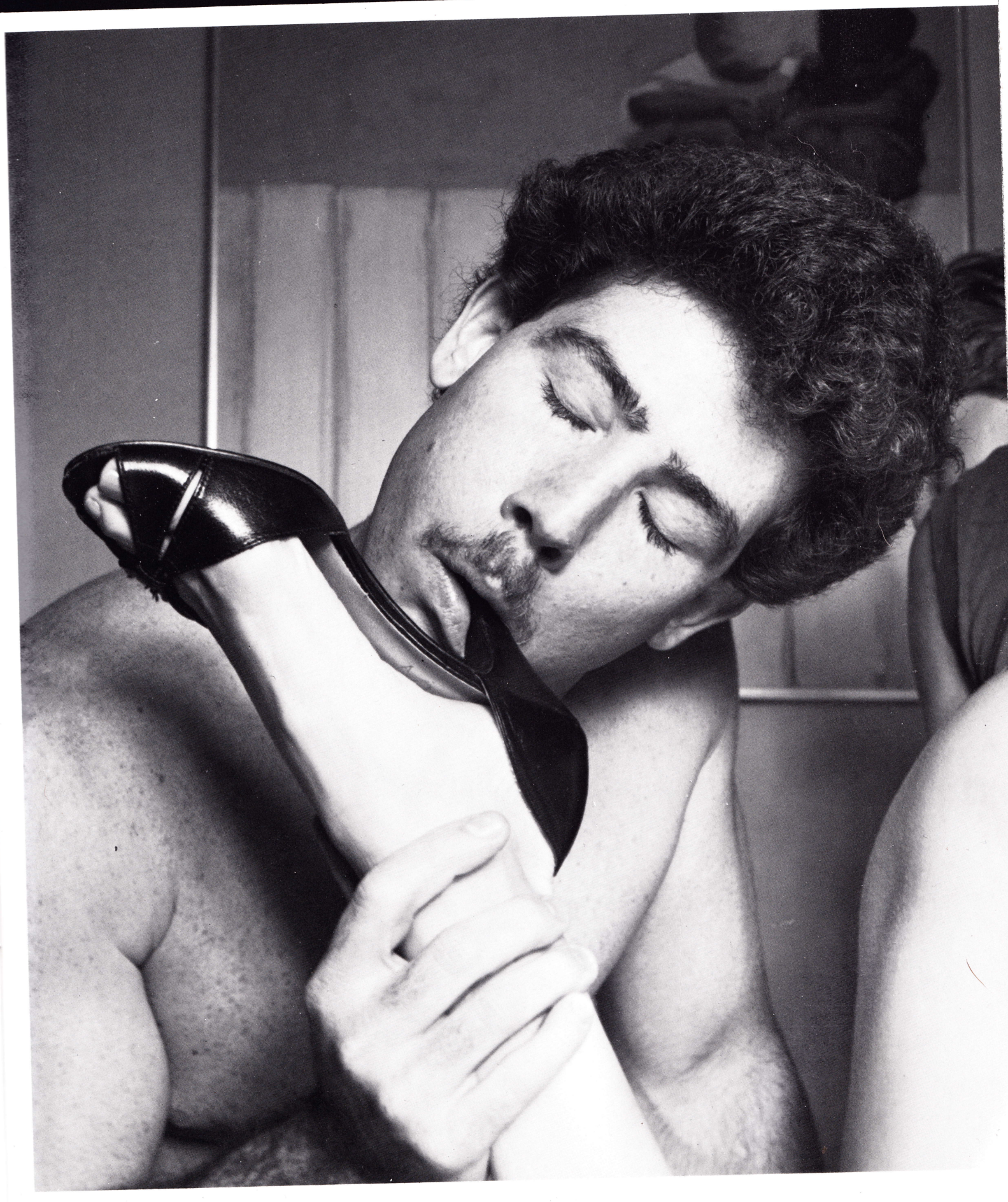


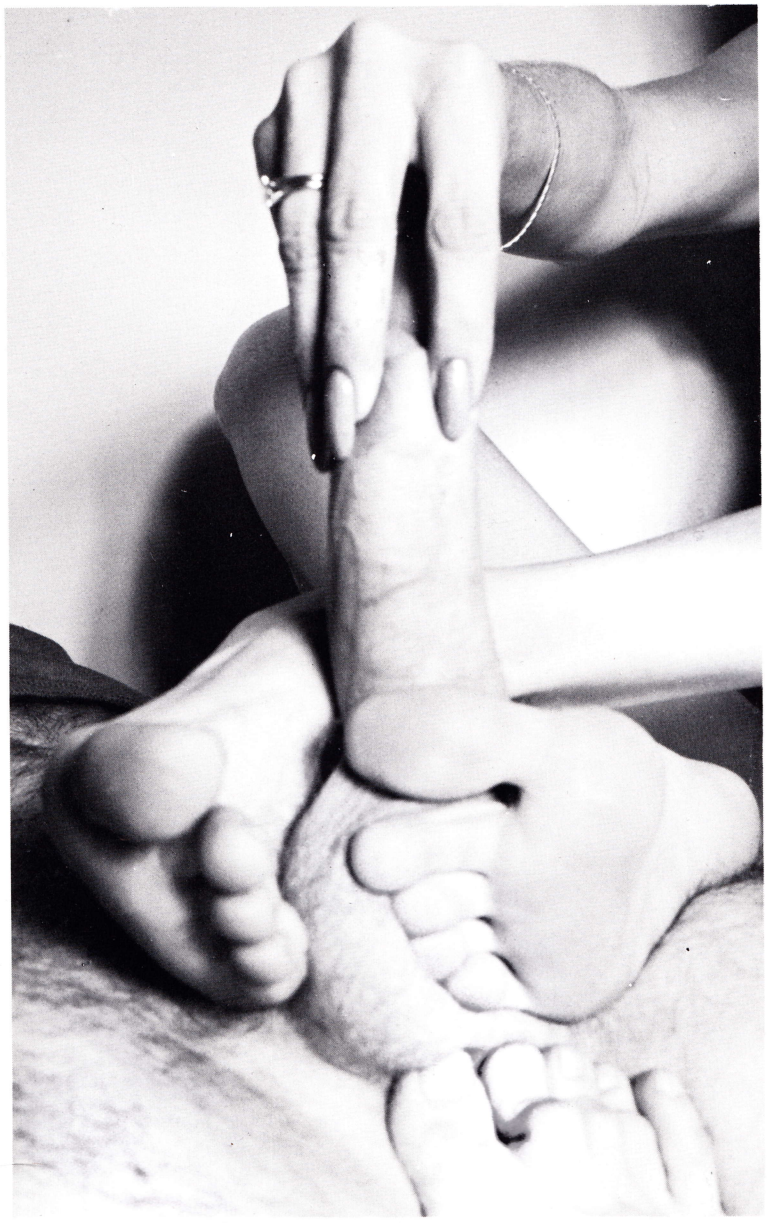




were red hot and being pressed against me by a beautiful petite foot clad in a sexy European Import of a shoe. My ass was smarting but the pain was arousing enough to ignore the possible dangers, and *enjoy.* Her other foot now came up and visited me. This one was perched up on my dick with the heel first. It began scraping and poking in a most delightful way.

For the first time in my life, I was being screwed by a pair of feet. She took the heel out of my ass and joined in with the visiting foot in some pitch and catch with my dick *and balls. Now my dick was between two gorgeous feet which started to furiously rub* the trapped penis to completion. I let out so much wad I thought I soaked her Hanes. Taking her feet down after this she dropped a set of keys under the table and asked me to get them for her. It looked innocent enough to the guys sitting around who tried not to SEE what was happening. I went to get the keys and got a full-eyed look at the legs and feet which just gave me the best sex I'd ever had. She lifted her long leg (right) and wrapped it around me pulling me into her. I couldn't help myself.





I hugged, kissed and licked her legs and sucked her toes, shoes and all. I loved the feel of the stockings and the warmth of her body heat against my face.

She had the hottest little legs I'd ever felt. She crossed her leg over and kicked my face and then pushed her sole into my mouth and wiggled it beckoning me to kiss it. I did. She then took her foot and took off her shoe and promptly stuffed her toes into my mouth which I obliged with the hardest suck I could find. Her other foot, still shoed, was busy also stepping on the other side of my face as I was now sitting fully on the floor. The guys upstairs were in hysterics and drawing attention no doubt, but I didn't care a damned!!! I was in PARADISE AND NOTHING WAS GOING TO DRIVE ME OUT!!!! I could LIVE at her feet!!!

I never thought I'd cum a second time but I did. I was sore, bleeding a bit in my ass, had red marks on my face from her shoe and heel and even got my $12 dress shirt dirty and torn up from her wild feet. I loved it all!!! I got back up into my seat and sat proper when it was all over. I had gotten dominated, humiliated, tread upon, beat up and fucked all at once by the most beautiful girl that ever walked on earth, I thought. Now the sad part: Her boyfriend came back, paid their check at the cash register and I got to painfully watch her gorgeous gams in her knee length party dress walk out the door never to be seen by these lonely eyes again, and never would her feet ever dance on my genitals again.

Since then, I've been to every Whore House in the Continental U.S. and Canada trying to duplicate that experience but so far; failure after failure. She did permanent damage to me in that I'm still thinking and waxing my carrot over this at 33. The point is this: A woman's feet and legs can do all the talking she'd ever want to do with her words by years in a matter of a few moments. Never underestimate the power of a foot. By the way, I'm in upstate NY and if you know of any girls who would like a foot man to caress and make mad passionate love to their gorgeous legs and feet let me know. My address is "P," P.O. Box 284, Latham, NY 12110. Send a photo and phone and I'll be at your feet before you get your stockings on.

CELEBRITY FEET

It's not often that we acquire so many celebrity foot photos at the same time—but we did and here they are! As you can see, some of our lovliest celebrities have even more lovely feet—perhaps that is the reason that they have proven to be so attractive to so many people! There are two photos of Joan Collins, the woman everyone loves to hate on *Dynasty;* Dolores Sutton and Susan St. James dressed as schoolgirls for a film; a rare photo of Grace Kelley checking her footwear anklestrap; Sarah Douglas, new to *Falcon Crest;* Markie Post, of *The Fall Guy;* Wanda Richert, posed in lace for her role in Broadway's *Nine;* Victoria Principal of *Dallas;* Vanessa Williams, the new Miss America; and finally, the sensational Landers sisters, Judy and Audrey!

Paramount Pictures

Columbia Pictures

FURLOUGH FOR A FETISHIST

Being Black and having a foot fetish is hard enough, but being Black, having a foot fetish and being stationed in Italy was the pits.

Until that Wednesday!

I was stationed aboard the Sixth Fleet flagship in Gaeta, Italy at the time. On this particular day, I had the day off, so I wandered around the old section of town, and into one of those G.I. bars so common to military towns.

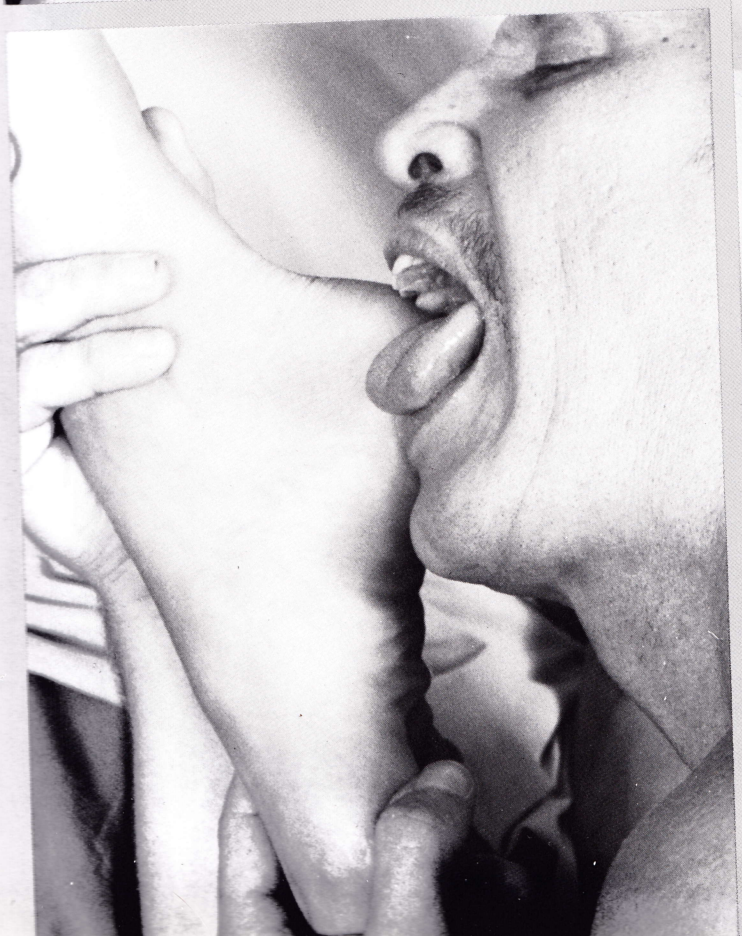
It was empty—being late morning—except for the fiftyish bartender. She was taller than most Italian women, and unlike the darker-skinned Southern Italians, was fair-skinned, blue-eyed and blonde, exept for the sparrsely-spaced gray hairs. I later learned she was from Milan.

She was good looking for her age, but her hair was too short for my taste; and she was shapely, except for the slight roll of fat around her middle. Her legs WERE sexy, and she had the good sense to wear shorts. Her sandaled feet were magnificent. They were fairly large and wide, but they were shapely. Her toes were medium-sized, with a small space between her big and second toes. All were free of corns and painted a sexy white.

In America I would've headed for the bathroom, but here I threw caution and tact to the wind. Her feet were worth making an ass of myself.

I ordered a mug of false courage to calm my nerves, and fed the juke box to drown out my words to anyone who might come in.

When she served my second



beer, I blurted, "Wanna fuck?" I didn't really want to fuck, but I was afraid asking permission to suck her toes would've given her heart failure.

She stepped back, startled. "Whatsamatta with you?" she asked in an angry accent. "You think I tramp? You go! Go!"

She stormed to the other side of the bar. I sighed, and

took my beer, feeling foolish as hell. I crossed the dance floor to the booths. Like other such bars, this one was bar, disco and brothel. Of course, turning them into a brothel depended on the sheer balls of the customer, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

There were three booths—all red and with two-person cushion couches, small tables and curtain partitions.

I'd just sat down when the bartender suddenly joined me. She sat on the arm of the couch, apologizing profusely for her outburst.

"What your name?" she asked. I told her, and she told me her name was Ruth. She spoke rapidly, and her English gave way to Italian, but I got the jist of her speech. I had caught her off guard. She had to refuse me to avoid seeming cheap, but she felt complimented that one so young would want to make love to her.

Her explanation, plus the fact that I heard someone tending bar, encouraged me to dispense with further formalities.

"Didn't mean to offend you," I said, putting her feet on my lap. "Your feet must be awful tired from tending bar all day. Let me rub them for you."

She seemed momentarily startled, but (to my delight) she allowed me to put those gorgeous feet on my lap, and my penis went stiff in record time. Her leg muscles weren't relaxed before I had her sandals off, and had my hands working her toes. They were sturdy and tough—the feet of one who had spent most of her life on her feet. She relaxed and remarked how good the massage felt. I kept it up for a few minutes, touching every inch of her feet from her ankles to her toes.

I slipped my tongue between her toes, which surprised her for an instant, but she smiled. "You like?" she asked.

I LIKE! Was she kidding? I nearly came in my pants. I stopped long enough to say, "I like." I continued for almost three minutes before she had to go tend bar. Besides, some customers had thoughtlessly entered the bar. I gobbled the rest of my beer and asked for another one. She smiled her understanding and took the glass.

I kept ordering beer until those customers left. When she sat down again, up came the feet, off came the sandals, stiff went my penis and out went my tongue.

"You fuck?" she asked.

"Sure," I replied, relieved. My penis needed relief. After a quick look around the corner, she dropped her shorts. I had

Old Reliable out, but another customer entered. She sighed and asked me to meet her after work.

I arrived at the bar 15 minutes to closing time. After closing the place, she all but ran to her Fiat. We left Old Gaeta and headed for the beach in the newer section of town.

At the end of the long beach were some stone steps at the top of a knoll. They had once led to the beach before the new road made it accessible. Time and the elements had turned the steps into a half-hidden, weed-covered relic. They were far enough off the road to keep private encounters private.

She parked the car, and ran to the steps. She removed her shorts and begged me to eat her out. I did, and to my surprise, found that she had delicious pussy.

As she moaned and groaned, I reached above my head to where she had raised her legs. Off came the sandals again, and I began rubbing my fingers between her toes. Her wiggling toes soon made me forget the pussy. I maneuvered her feet toward my face. I feverishly worked one foot with my mouth while she massaged my bushy scalp with the other foot.

I could've worked those feet all night, but my penis said otherwise. I undid my pants and let my hard penis hang free. The cool sea air seemed to make it harder.

By now, she was really into the stimulation. She wiggled one set of toes at my tongue and the other at my balls.

I could hold off no longer. I shoved my penis into her hot pussy. She was a surprise. She was a great fuck! The constant stream of Italian that issued forth from her lips was like frosting on the cake.

Still, I was able to reach back and jam my fingers between her wildly wiggling toes. She finally grabbed them with her toes—and we pumped away until I exploded into her.

We lay on the steps, catching our breath and looking at the full moon. I fondled her feet a while longer before we reluctantly dressed and headed back to town. She let me out a block from the ship.

We never fucked again, but she did take her breaks to coincide with my visits. We continued our unique relationship until I was transferred.

As an ambassador for the United States, I consider my massages my most important "feets."

CONFESSIONS OF A LEG LOVER

Foot fetishism is something you either find erotic or you don't. Personally, I have never found anything terribly stimulating about the lowest part of the female anatomy. That was until my girlfriend Samantha, decided to spice up our relationship by giving me a treat by using her feet. Samantha and I have always been conservative when it comes to most areas of sexuality. She gives me head every now and then, but that's about as far out as we tended to get.

One evening, we were sitting in front of the television set, on our sofa. Samantha suddenly kicked off her high heels, bringing her legs up so she could tuck them under her. A couple of minutes later, she turned, maneuvering her body, so the soles of her feet rested against the front of my pants. I was startled by what she did, and I attempted to move back. She didn't take her

feet away, merely began rubbing them against my crotch with circular motions.

I gave her a nasty look as though to insinuate she should keep her feet to herself. Instead of stopping, she rubbed harder. The hosiery she wore made interesting sounds as it came in contact with the material on my jeans. I was not the least bit impressed by what she was doing.

"You can stop that right now," I said sternly. "I'm not a foot fetishist."

"You're a liar," she shot back, "don't try and deny it."

"How can you tell?" I told her, annoyed at her point blank accusation.

"Because I can feel the outline of your prick through your pants, and it sure as hell wasn't sleeping."

She pulled her foot away, allowing me to stare down at the front of my pants. Sure enough, my cock was hard, though I didn't notice it until she mentioned that to me. It sort of startled me, because my mind was informing me foot stimulation was a turn off, but, my cock was telling me a different story.

"Well, what do you have to say about that, or are you going to try and deny your hardon?"

I was at a loss for words. "Okay, so maybe I was a bit excited," I told Samantha.

"Ha ha," she retorted, "you're a closet foot freak or you never would have responded like that."

Samantha didn't give me a chance to reply. She reached over, opening the front of my pants, pulling them down until my cock was exposed. It stood erect, rigid, like a flag pole. Samantha grinned, as if to imply, "I told you so." She sat back, placing her feet against my cock. She

skillfully moved her hosiery clad legs up and down my shaft, her toes sensuously stimulating me. I had to admit, I was not only shocked by my body's reaction, but by my girlfriend as well.

She had never taken the initiative in sex, much less act in this kinky manner. Instead of wanting to vehemently protest this little episode, I now found myself enjoying every second of it. A tingling sensation rushed through my body, as I was caught in the sexy spell of Samantha's feet. As her manipulations increased, I was soon brought near the bursting point. It would be impossible for me to hold back any longer.

Samantha sensed this too, by my facial expression, that I was nearing the moment of ejaculation. As I was about to explode, Samantha placed the soles of her feet over the tip of my prick, so my cum would be propelled against her hosiery. I flowed in rapid spurts until I was sexually drained.

Good Lord, that was an exhilarating experience, one that had progressed from out of a clear blue sky. My girlfriend to my surprise, wasn't quite finished, yet. With her hands, she gripped her ankles, lifting her feet toward her mouth, so she could lick the cum off the soles of her pantyhose. When she finished her creamy meal, I asked her how she managed to change suddenly into a fetishistic female.

"Perhaps it was because of the girls down at the office," she replied. "One of the girls was talking about her husband, and how he gets his rocks off using her feet, nylons and shoes."

"You mean women discuss kinky things like that?"

"Don't men talk about their triumphs and sexual pleasures?"

"Sure, we talk about how often we score, but never about the outer limits of sexual pleasures."

Our discussion continued into the night. After that evening, when I was introduced to the joy of feet, I began to do some serious gam gazing. I noticed legs, stockings and high heels in a different perspective. I couldn't believe what I had been missing all these years, and if all went well, I hoped to make up for lost time.

When I got home from work, three nights later, after my kinky initiation, Samantha greeted with more enthusiasm than usual. She seemed in a strange mood, almost secretive. I somehow had the impression there was some sort of surprise awaiting me. Sure enough, after supper, she suggested we go into the bedroom. I anxiously followed her.

Entering the room, I saw several pairs of pantyhose, nylons and high heels spread all over the floor and bed. Samantha didn't own any nylons, so I knew she had gone out to specially purchase them. My jaw sagged. My pulse began pounding madly.

"Welcome to our games room," Samantha announced. "I hope you're not going to be a party pooper like you almost were a few nights ago."

I shook my head. "No way, I promise I won't protest in the slightest. After our first session, I got a new appreciation of feet and shoes."

"Good," she smiled. "Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go to it. Time's a wasting."

I had no idea what Samantha had planned, but if my hunch was correct, I was sure she had methodically mapped out a few erotic adventures, guaranteed to give us sexual pleasure all night long.

Samantha slipped off her dress to reveal an array of breathtaking lingerie underneath. She wore a black see-through bra, that did little to conceal her ample bosom. Around her slim waist, was a black satin garter belt, holding up shockingly sheer black seamed nylons. She wore no panties. Samantha was more than a turn on. I have seen photos of models in girlie magazines dressed in garter belts and nylons, but they failed to excite me. Dressed like this, Samantha transcended eroticism. She became a sexy vixen, sensuality oozing out of every pore on her inviting body. My cock was throbbing, pushing

against the front of my jeans. I wanted to get at Samantha like never before.

"Well lover," she said in a seductive tone of voice, "what are you waiting for? My pussy is aching and red hot. I think I'm on fire."

I immediately stepped out of my clothing. I was naked, my cock pointing outward like a knife. Samantha gazed down at it, licking her lips.

"Looks like you're good and ready," she stated.

Somehow, this all seemed like a kinky dream, you know the type you have in the middle of the night, but you never envision it could one day come true. Well, this was reality, that was for sure. Samantha was all flesh and blood, every inch a real woman. This was definitely not a dream. I awaited her next command.

"Here, put these on," she said, handing me a pair of nylons.

"Now wait a minute," I countered, "I don't mind doing a few bizarre things now and then, but I have to draw the line somewhere. You're not going to turn me into a fruit."

"Oh brother, what the hell do you take me for? Don't worry you won't become gay. Just go along with this, please."

Not wanting to spoil the mood of the evening, I put the nylons on.

"Let me get on the bed first," Samantha told me. She laid back, spreading her legs, exposing her red hot tunnel of love. "Now, I want you to sit at the far end of the bed, facing me."

I was puzzled by her directions, yet I knew there must have been a method to her madness, so I went along with her request.

"Stimulate my cunt with your foot," she requested.

My eyes bulged wide open. "Where in the world did you get an idea like that?"

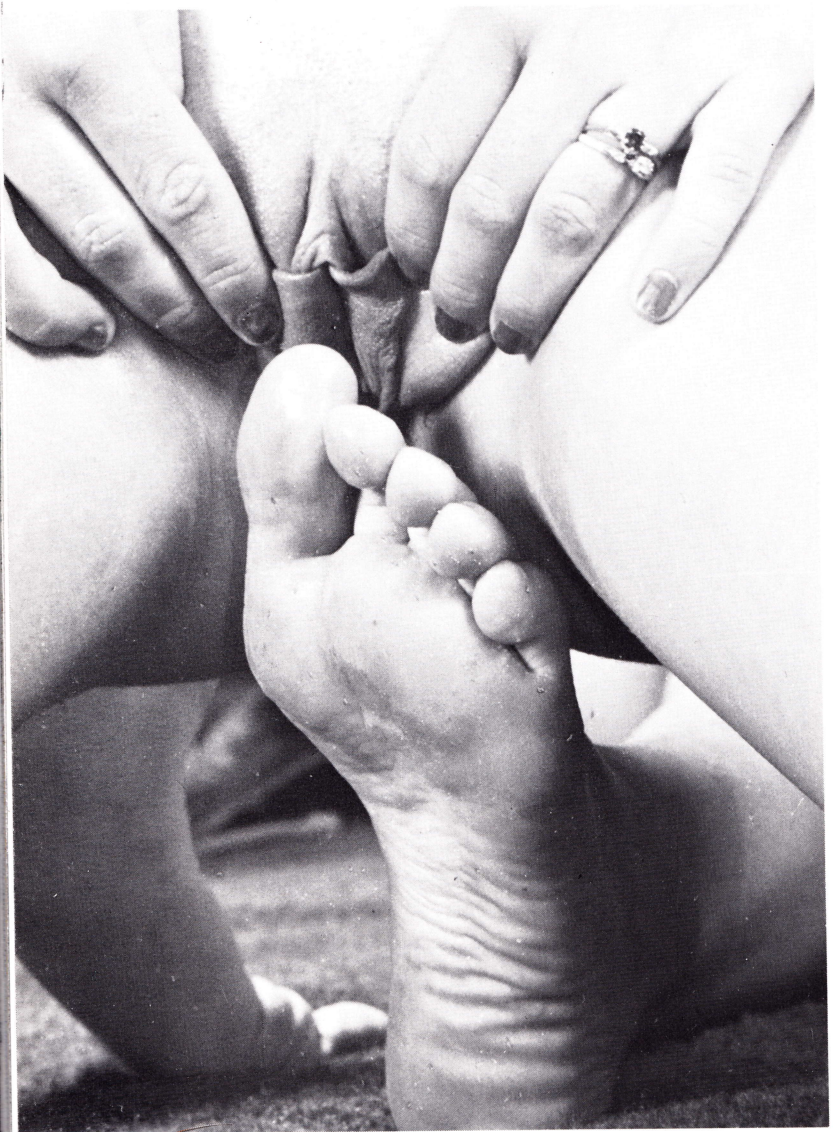
"I read a fetish magazine yesterday. I learned a few things, plus, I decided to create some variations of my own."

I admired Samantha's ingenuity. "Fine. I'll try it," I told her. I maneuvered my foot, so my stocking clad leg was positioned near her passion pit. I angled my toes, and thrust inside her awaiting depths. I was met with an immediate wetness, evidence she was as excited by this encounter as I was.

I tried my best to stimulate her, although I was a novice at foot fucking. A euphoric smile was etched on Samantha's face. I must have been doing something right. It was only a few minutes until I sensed Samantha was close to a powerful orgasm. Her body trembled wildly, as she thrust her head back. She placed her hand on my foot, trying to shove it deeper inside her.

"Harder," she gasped, her voice barely audible. "Do it to me harder. Oh God," she moaned.

I knew she had climaxed because a soothing wetness eased onto the nylons I wore. Her pussy nectar was flowing freely thanks to my probing toes. This was one for the record books, although it was sure not to appear on Ripley's Believe It Or Not. I waited a few minutes as



Samantha tried to catch her breath.

"Put a nylon over your cock now," she said. "Then, ram you cock into me as hard as you can."

Not wanting to disappoint her, I slipped a stocking over my monstrous manhood. It felt like a second skin when I pulled the sheer hosiery over my cock.

"Do it to me lover," she begged, "hurry."

Aiming to please, I entered her tantalizing depths. My cock hit home, nylon and all. Her pussy muscles seemed to be drawing me in deeper, until I had almost impaled my prick in her. As I thrust, I touched every inch of her vagina. I heard the sounds the nylon made, rubbing against her well lubricated cunt. It made squishing noises. The sounds were like music to my ears, a symphony of pleasure.

All too soon for my liking, I exploded, my cum crashing through the hosiery right into her steaming hot love box. With spasms of pleasure, my cock kept pumping out jism until I was dry. My head swam in a sea of eroticism. I couldn't believe I would ever achieve this much pleasure in my lifetime. But, that wasn't the end of it, not by a long shot.

While I wore the nylon over my cock, which was incidentally plastered to my prick from the wetness, Samantha began to give me a blowjob through the nylon. Her lips attacked my shaft with the ferocity of a hungry lion devouring helpless prey. She lapped at my prick, moving up and down the entire length of it. The fact my cock was encased in nylon did not diminish my pleasure at all, it seemed to enhance it.

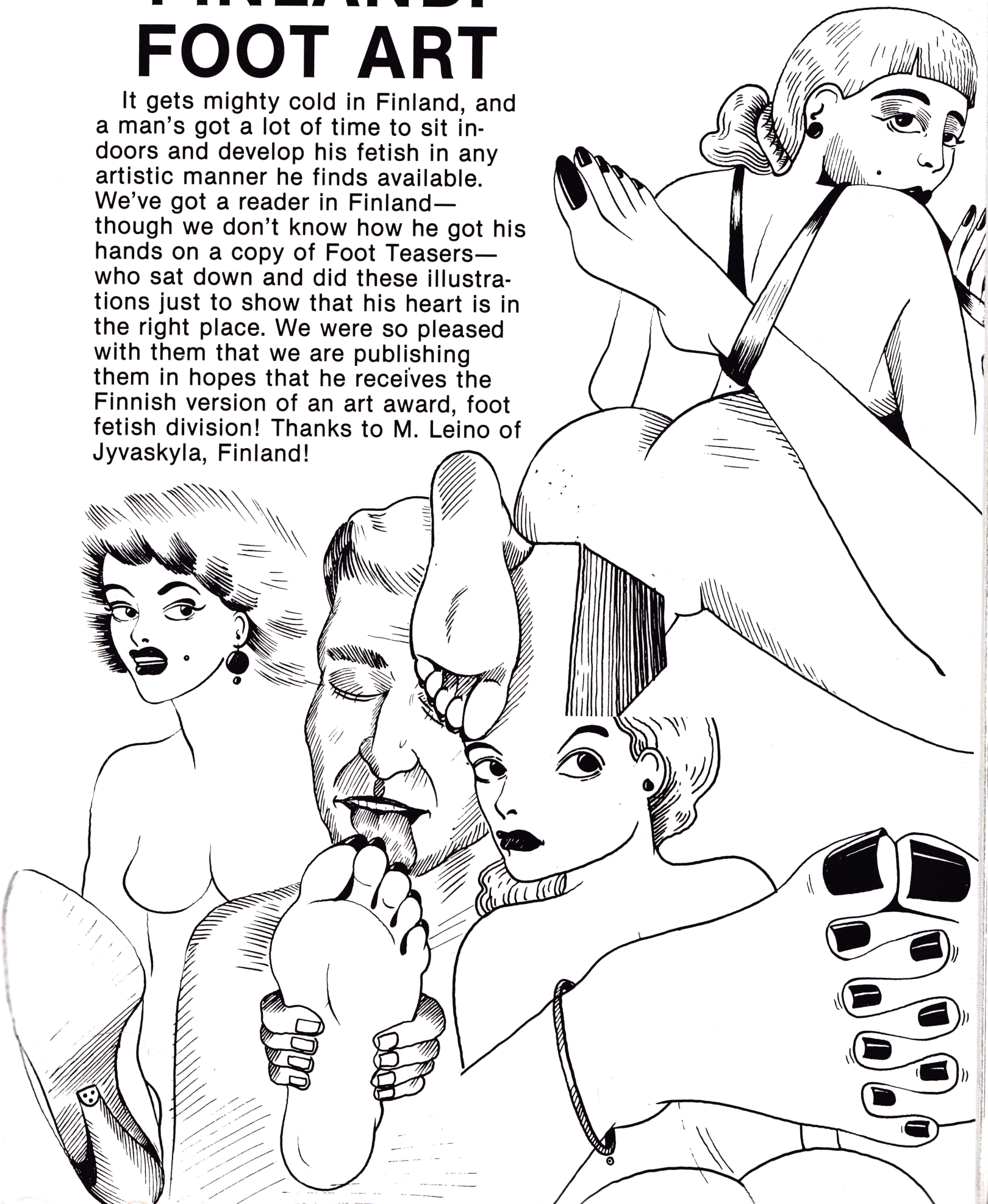
Samantha made my cock feel like a popsicle that someone would lick on a hot summer's day. I knew my cock could withstand little more of this tantalizing torture, and much to my regret (I wish it could have lasted for days), I came again, my cum spraying through the nylon deep into Samantha's eager mouth. She held her mouth over my cock for a long while afterward, not wanting to miss one single drop of my milk-white juices.

We did so many other kinky things with nylons and shoes that evening, I couldn't believe there was so much variety possible with footwear, or stockings. Samantha masturbated herself with the spike heel of her patent leather pumps. She also did a neat little trick, shoving a spike heel up my ass, very carefully of course. At the same time, she got my rocks off with her hand that was covered with a nylon.

We may have been conservative at one time, when it came to sex, but we have cast away the shackles of our oppression. It's just as though our desires were lying dormant, waiting for the right moment to surface. For those of you who have considered sex games using shoes and stockings, I would be the first to recommend them. It will add that special thrill to your lovemaking, giving you a bit of variety, and making you hot, horny and happy at the same time.

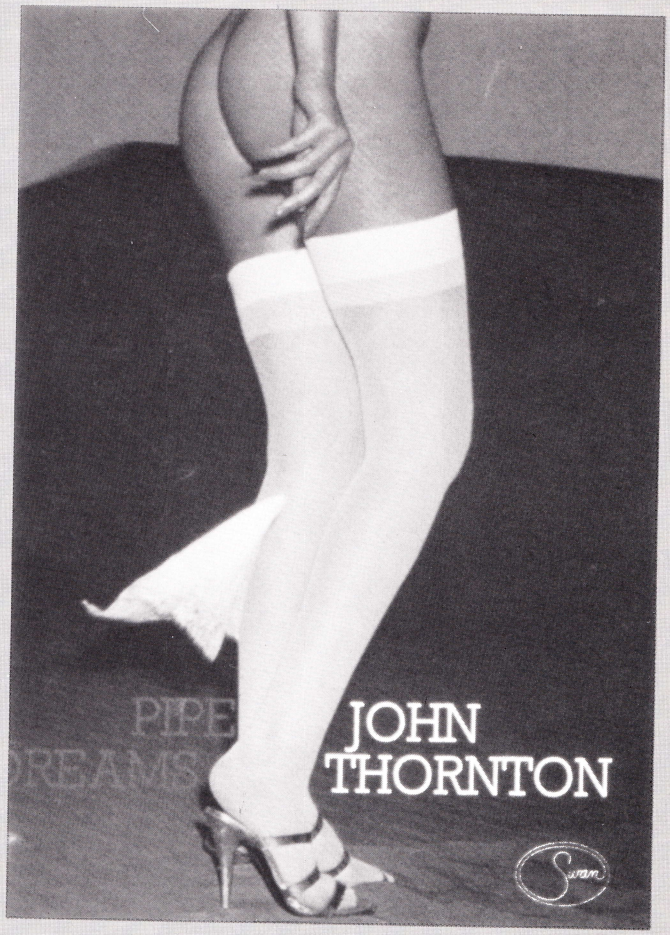
FINLAND: FOOT ART

It gets mighty cold in Finland, and a man's got a lot of time to sit indoors and develop his fetish in any artistic manner he finds available. We've got a reader in Finland—though we don't know how he got his hands on a copy of Foot Teasers—who sat down and did these illustrations just to show that his heart is in the right place. We were so pleased with them that we are publishing them in hopes that he receives the Finnish version of an art award, foot fetish division! Thanks to M. Leino of Jyvaskyla, Finland!



FOOT NOTES

A 22-year-old man has been charged with being the dreaded Kingston (Ontario) Tickler, a fiendish sort who tied up his female victims and tickled their bare feet before robbing them. Kingston police official Michael Breen reported that there had been several reports of breaking and entering where women were tied up and their feet tickled, and during one six-week period, the Tickler struck 13 times! He was known to use either his hands or a feather for his tickling activities. They're breathing easier in Ontario these days—except for those who enjoy a bit of tickle!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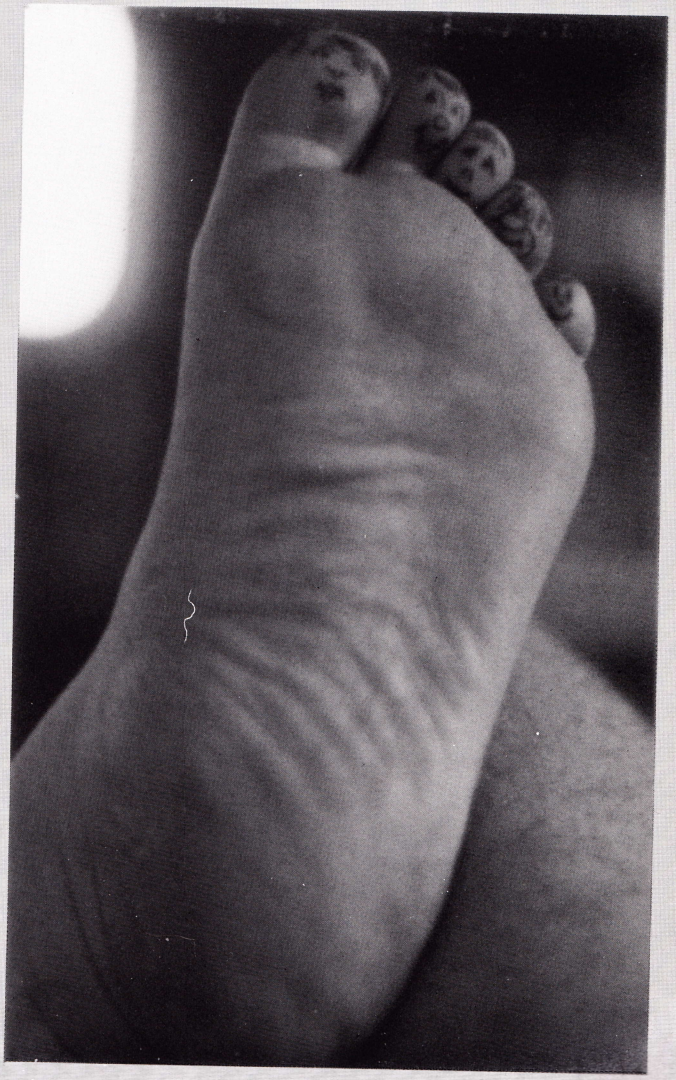


CRUSH LOVERS

Does an insect being crushed to mush under the spiked heel of a beautiful and sophisticated lady have any thing to do with exotic sexual pleasure? Most definitely, according to research that I have done on the subject of crush and pressure fetishism.

I became aware of my own and other people's enjoyment of crushing things underfoot after reading Mr. Rossi's, "The Sex Life of the Foot and the Shoe." The author mentions the case of a woman who had dreams in which she would walk on men's erect penises with her spiked heels. The sound and feel of them "crunching" under her heels brought her to orgasm.

Having read this passage, I remembered instances when I had seen women (and men for that matter) apparently step on and crush bugs and other small objects with every intention of doing so—no accident. Even I had seemed to enjoy this and see others do it. Thus, I began some private research.

Although I found other written references to the pleasure of crushing things underfoot, most of my information came from my own experiments and interviews with women. Many of my conclusions can be revealed in the interview that I conducted with the subject of the photograph.

Brenda is a 5'9", 150 pound, 38-28-38, school teacher with three teen-aged daughters and a husband. She lives in a middle-class neighborhood, is a doctoral candidate at a university and the president of a local charity organization. I met her through one of my experiments.

She was standing, sipping a drink, at a dinner party for an acquaintance. Brenda looked lovily in her violet evening dress with its low-cut top and

open side which revealed her long, muscular legs covered with nylon hose. I had a locust which I discreetly positioned near her feet before withdrawing a short distance to watch for any reaction. Previous experience told me to expect one of three things: lack of interest in the insect, uneasiness and movement away from the bug, or deliberate action to eliminate the intruder. I tossed a dime on the floor near Brenda which made her glance at the floor and catch sight of the locust. She gazed at it a few moments, then placed the tip of her spiked heel on it and slowly stepped down on the insect. The pest "crunched" immediately, but she remained standing on it with her full weight shifted onto the spiked heel which had smashed the locust. It was not until she had finished her drink that she had walked away, the insect stuck

to the bottom of her heel for several paces until it fell limply to the floor.

Phase two of my research was to meet her and later ask her to fill out a questionnaire. This and an interview gave a pretty good description of what people find sensuous about crushing things underfoot. The following are a paraphrase of Brenda's answers to my questions:

1. What do you find exciting and satisfying about stepping on things?

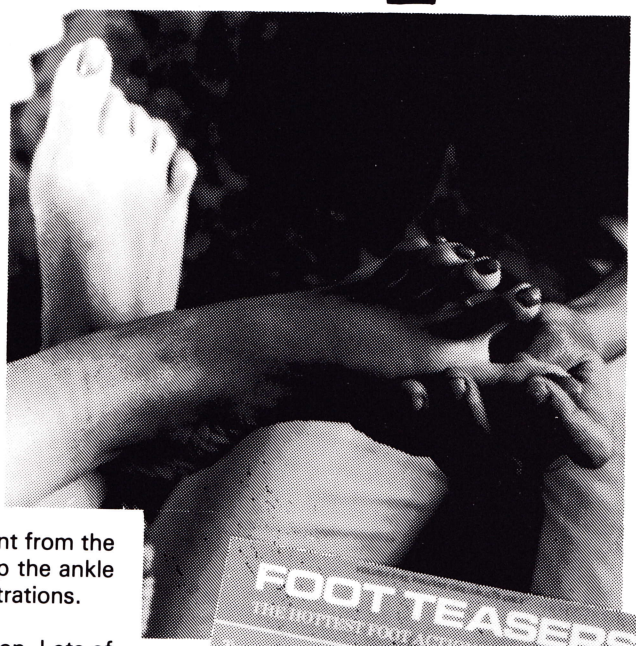
"It's not stepping on things that I enjoy; I love to crush *the item under my step. I'm sexually aroused when I feel and hear the object collapse and crunch out of existence under my foot or shoe sole or heel. Sometimes just feeling it flatten and squash is enough. Other times I'm aroused by the feeling of superiority over the 'victim' that I have. This is especially true when stepping on living things. I also like the little-girl-like mischievousness I've done. In other instances I'm turned on by the pain I cause to my 'victim' or its owner. Basically, I find walking on and crushing a small, helpless thing very exciting sexually—feeling and hearing it crush, my dominance over it and the suffering I cause. The feeling of uncaring arrogance and superiority is superb!"*

2. What are your victims?

"Sometimes I step on people's toes or fingers, especially those of men who dare to crowd me in an elevator, meeting, etc. I love to plant my spiked heel into their feet; once I even broke the toe of some guy who kept pressing up against my buttocks in an elevator. He was wearing sandals so his unprotected toes were no match against my sharp spike heel and weight. I've never walked on a man because I think I'm too heavy,

usually 150 to 160 pounds—I don't want to kill anyone! However, I don't have the least hesitation to step on and smash small living things like insects and other little pests. I especially enjoy stepping on beetles; I can feel their hard shell under the sole of my shoe or the tip of my heel. I slowly apply my weight and they resist for a moment; however, my hard shoe and weight become too much and they succumb—crushing into ooze under me. Sometimes I don't crush them slowly, but step on them as I walk by—grinding them into the concrete under my twisting sole. I also like to crush things which are valuable to other people which might fall to the floor near my feet. I've stepped on some jewelry, a few pair of eye-glasses and even a watch. In some cases, the item has 'crunched' loudly and the owner looks down to find his or her valuable smashed under my heel. Instead of giving an apology to them, I act very arrogant and even offended that they left their 'junk' laying around where I could have slipped on it."

foot loose!



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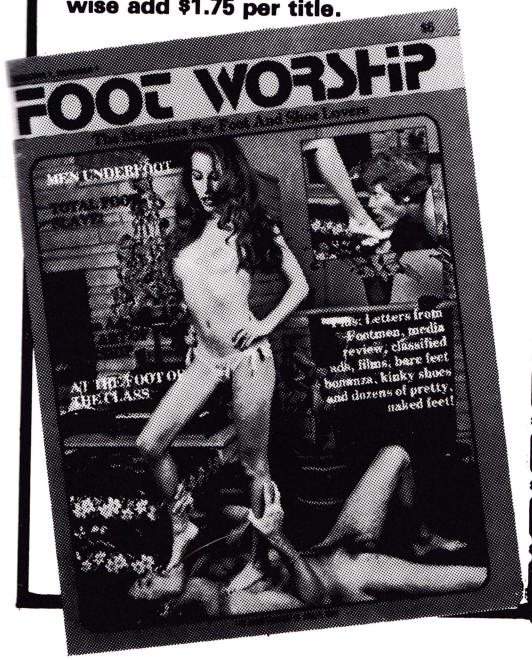

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3. Do you have a preference in footwear when doing your "thing?"

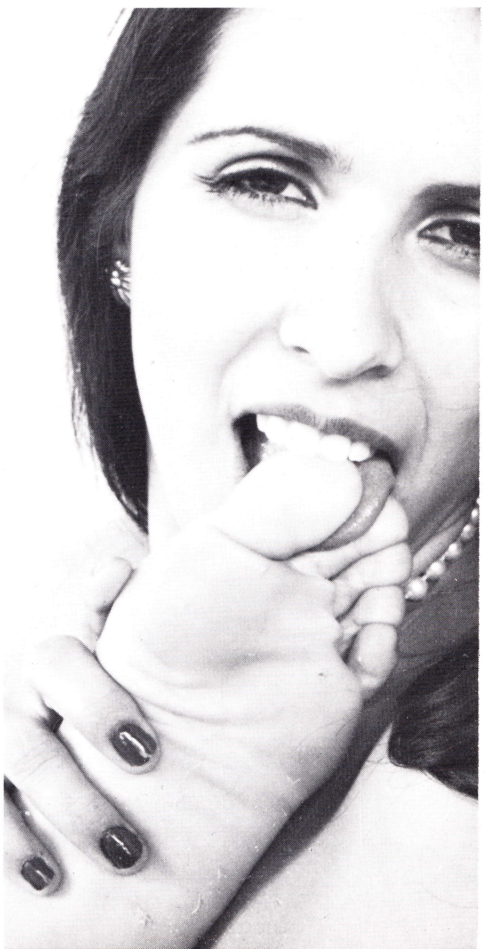
"Yes, most definitely! I love to crush 'victims' under my spike-heeled footwear. I'll use any kind of shoe, boot, etc., but high heels are the best type of shoe to use. Firstly, they make a woman's legs and posture very sexy—even her walk becomes sensuous with high heels. Secondly, high-heeled shoes can crush objects better since most of the body weight is pressed down on the sole of the shoe due to its slant. It is like stepping on something under tip-toe. Most devastating to the 'victim' are the sharp, spiked heels. The average woman exerts close to two or three tons of pressure per square inch beneath her stilleto heels. All women can tell you how easily their high heels sink into what they walk on. Sometimes I even find it sexy to leave deep, little, heel holes punched into what I walk over—I ravage and chop under my heels! I also like to wear a sexy or elegant outfit."

I have often asked the following question to women: "If you were walking along a sidewalk and saw a caterpillar crawling ahead of you, would you: 1) pay no attention to it, 2) walk around it or, 3) step on it!" I was surprised to find that 50 percent said that they would step on it! When I asked "why?" the answers were usually: "I don't like bugs" or "Just for the fun of it." Most of the women who said they would step on insects were younger in age than the ones who said that they would not. The occupations of these women who would crush an insect were from housewife to professional occupations.

One last thing that makes crushing enjoyable for many people is that it does not require special devices, places or

times. Anytime something is at one's feet of a crushable size and content, it can be walked on and obliterated. It can be done privately and subtly, or done so that others notice the act. Some crush fetishists find their pleasure increased when another comments: "Hey, you just smashed that bug to mush!" The response of many to that comment is an arrogant aire of unconcern and superiority.

Any of your readers who may like to consult or correspond further on this subject may write: A.M., C.P. 255, 33170 Pordenone, Italy. I also have a collection of precious little art objects which are appropriate for stepping on and crushing. I'll send them free to any true crush and pressure fetishist for that person's pleasure.



Letters

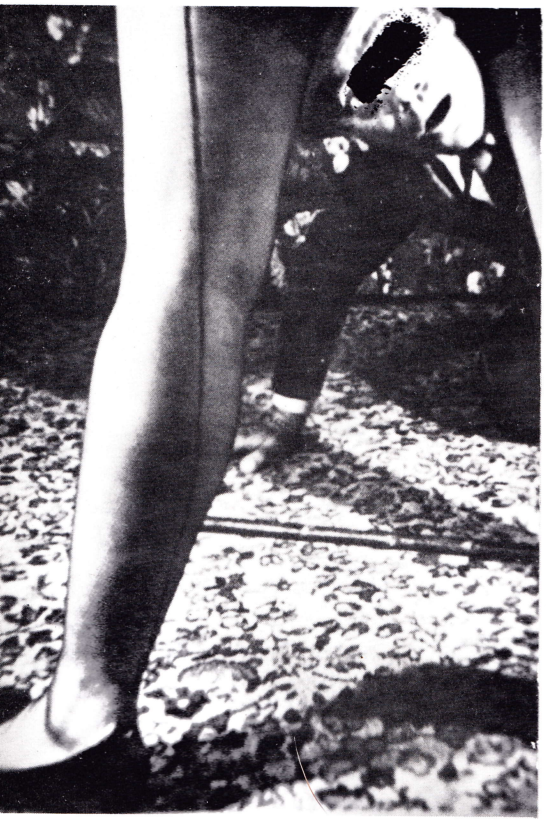
FOOT FANTASY

Dear Foot Teasers:

I have a favorite story/fantasy that I've acted out and will share it with you in short form. I am a shoe salesman. Four women with exquisite feet come into my shop around closing time. They make me try very high heeled open toe shoes on them. The women keep talking about the "proper place of man at a woman's feet" and how they love to have a man worship their heels and toes. Suddenly, one of the women notices my hard-on and complains about my bad manners. The other ladies look and jeer. Then one of the blondes, reaches out her long toes with their sharp toe nails and demands I use a shoe horn to try on her Alligator high heels. I say I don't have one. And the women laugh. Yes you do they say pointing their toes at my swollen crotch. One lady while I sit red-faced and embarrassed, pulls down my zipper and removes the offending organ for use as a shoe horn. I am made to lie down on my side and the women spend an hour using my prick as a shoe horn often calling on my tongue and large nose for service. One of the women is a young girl, and the other ladies offer to teach her how to seduce a man with your shoes and toes . . . using me. There is many variations we go through, the final thing being, I'm forced to drop my drawers and offer my asshole in the air for women to shove their toes into while I'm forced to hang their shoes on my nose inhaling the lovely aroma of their sweaty feet. Some of the ladies make me lick their assholes and I am finally ordered to spray my cum all over their wiggling toes as a gesture of subservience.

Please send me the next issue of Foot Teasers. Thanks.

M.K.
North Carolina



PRIVATE COLLECTION

Dear Foot Teasers:

I enjoy reading your magazine very much. I'm sending a few photos from my private collection. Sexy feet are my fetish, as well as sexy shoes. I hope you enjoy them.

Keep up the good work.

Dan, the Party Man!

Dear Foot Teasers:

I am elated that finally someone has decided to publish a magazine for foot lovers. My only disappointment in your first issue is that a substantial portion of it deals with S&M, an activity which I am simply not interested in.

Further, I do not enjoy licking feet which are sweaty, unclean, etc., either.

However, I do get turned on by a pretty pair of feet attached to a pretty pair of legs affixed to an attractive woman. I don't "worship" feet but do enjoy stroking, fondling, kissing, etc., etc., pretty feet just as I would any other sensitive part(s) of a woman's anatomy, particularly if the tenderness of this act turns on the woman as well.

In this respect, I am most fortunate in having found the perfect mate for my feelings, but am always amiable to being turned on by the above mentioned pictorial stimulation to further improve my performance with my wife.

I would like to receive your next issue if it relates to admiring and making love to pretty feet which, by the way, turns me on to make love to every other portion of the beautiful female anatomy.

Yours,
R.B.
Wappingers Falls, NY

Dear Foot Teasers:

I am a young female, 19, 5'6", 114 lbs. I've wanted to write you with a story or an idea for quite some time, but never really had anything to send. That is until now. Perhaps if you print this letter, it will help a great many people (like myself) who read it.

Since I was 14 or 15, I've had a fantasy of being a slave girl, serving a Master, and suffering through many different punishments. As I grew older, I learned that I was not alone and that there were people out there just like me who indulged in their fantasies. FT helped me realize this when I would read the mail section and personal ads. I never answered any ads, however, because I was afraid of the type of person I might run into (he or they could be crazy), or maybe it was simply because I didn't have the nerve. Whatever the excuse, I would read the ads and fantasize further that I had found my Master and was serving him.

Then one day, I finally got up enough nerve to answer one, sending along a photo of me in a bikini. I waited anxiously for about three weeks. One day a letter arrived, and I knew who it was from by the return address. I had answered an ad from New Jersey (I live in the Flemington area) and the return address was from Annandale, only 15 minutes from me!! After getting home I nervously tore it open. The man's name was Master Curt. He said he had found me very pretty and that he would like to meet with me to explore our fantasies. He sent along a photo of himself, he was quite good looking . . . and YOUNG!!! I thought he would be much older (but as I would learn later, he was very experienced). He suggested that because we lived so close, we should meet at a place of my choosing first to discuss a session so that I wouldn't be nervous or unsure. I was in ecstasy . . . and terror!!! I didn't know what to say to a Master, what to wear, or what to ask for. I hesitated two weeks before answering. I almost chickened out, but I felt that if I didn't do it now I never would be able to do it again. I wrote back with a time and place to meet, and he wrote again to confirm it and describe his car so I would know him.

When the big day came, I was all tense. I pulled up, parked my car, got out and sat on the hood, and waited. I recognized his car immediately when he pulled up. My stomach was in knots when he began to get out. I was wondering just what I had gotten myself into and had the biggest urge to jump into my car and take off when suddenly he handed me the biggest, most beautiful bouquet of flowers I had ever seen. My uneasiness and nerves had vanished, and I had been overtaken by the warmest smile and friendliness I had ever known. He was much better looking than in the photo, in fact, he was adorable and had a gorgeous body as well!! He introduced himself (as if there was a need) and sat on the hood next to me, and we talked. I told him that I had never done anything like this before, and I knew he sensed this and was very understanding. He was so kind and gentle, yet still Masterful. We talked for hours about fantasies, realities, bondage, tickling, S/M, slaves and punishments. He told me how he wished he could meet with more females, or experienced submissives, who would like to try bondage sessions or arrangements, but that they were hard to find (and still are!). He also said that he sometimes trys out the submissive side to see what . . . it was like, and so that he would never exceed anyone limits. After some coaxing, I told him some of my most secret ideas and desires. He said he wanted me to feel at ease with him, and at this point I did. I knew he was a special person, and that this was just the person I had been waiting for to become a slave and have some fun. Here was someone to share my wants, feelings, submissive needs, sexual hopes and highs with. (Eventually he would get my boyfriend into it as well.)

We agreed upon a session for the following day. We met at ten in the morning and spent the most exciting day of my life together exploring our bondage ideas, torments, tortures, tickles, sexual desires, and many, many ideas. It was a dream come true; a Master who could be not only demanding or cruel if needed, but during this be understanding and honestly care about you. It was wonderful, more so than I thought it could be.

I've known him for a couple of years now and our trust and respect for each other has really grown. He is still looking for his own special slave, and sometimes my boyfriend and I assist him in a session. He's taken the time to teach my boyfriend a lot about the scene, and a lot about me. We always have a great deal of fun when we're together, unfortunately my new job doesn't afford many opportunities for our sessions.

So . . . here is a story I hope you will print. And here is some advice I hope any female submissives reading this will take; if the things in this letter are of any interest to you (no matter how long you've been into the scene), or you have always wanted to try these things as I did but were afraid, or couldn't find the right person, then drop a line to C.J., P.O. Box 133, ANNANDALE, NJ 08801, and I guarantee you will find what you've been looking for and you will have the time of your life. Here is a very experienced and caring person who will explore all your needs and fulfill your fantasies. You will be treated as a jewel, but best of all you will be understood and respected, as well as punished. He helped me, maybe by this I can share my good fortune with others like myself.

And, finally, to you folks at FT; many, many thanks for making it possible for people like me to realize their dreams and have them come true by meeting someone like my Master. You'll never know the tremendous amount of good you do for the people who read your magazine and advertise in it. You keep us alive and in touch with a beautiful world that most people with closed minds call weird, and for that alone you deserve a medal.

I hope your magazine continues for a hundred years.

Again, thanks.

Sincerely,
Mardeca

P.S. Next time I'll write and tell of the torments I've suffered through such as the foot-torture and breast-bondage, etc. . . .